In the Eye of the World

NEW YORK'S MERRY-GO-ROUND MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN

Photos copyright by American Press Association.

1.—New York's new municipal office building. 2.—William R. Hearst. 3.—The late Mayor Gaynor on his Long Island farm. 4.—City hall, New York. 5.—George McAneny. 6.—William A. Prendergast. 7.—John Purroy Mitchel. 8.—Edward E. McCall. 9.—Charles S. Whitman. 10.—Herman A. Metz.

By CHARLES N. LURIE.

NEW YORK CITY is going to elect a mayor this fall and is all "het up" over the matter. Several citizens of varying degrees of eminence have nominated themselves or have been selected by committees to run for the office, and the city resounds with their praises of themselves and denunciations of their opponents. "Much mixed" are hardly the words to describe the political situation in the biggest American city; "scrambled" would be a better term.

The fusionists started the political merry-go-round. As the basic article of their political faith they have uncompromising, undying opposition to Tammany Hall. They selected as their standard bearer an independent Democrat, a young man who is known to detest every stripe on the Tammany tiger's hide. He is John Purroy Mitchel, elected president of the board of aldermen in 1909 and more recently appointed by President Wilson to the big job of collector of the port of New York. The Republicans decided that John Purroy Mitchel would be a good enough mayoralty candidate for them, as they profess the same dislike of Tammany as the fusionists, so they indorsed Mitchel.

The Democrats, having decided to cast the late Mayor W. J. Gaynor into the outer darkness, put the hand of approval on the shoulder of Edward E. McCall and told him to go ahead and win the mayoralty of a city that is normally and frequently Democratic. Mr. McCall is an eminent lawyer, a former justice of the supreme court and now head of the public service commission in New York city by appointment of Governor Sulzer, foe of Tammany. It is currently believed in New York that Judge McCall preferred his new job at the head of the service commission to the wearinesses and uncertainties of the mayoralty campaign.

The sudden death of Mayor William J. Gaynor, the picturesque and peripatetic philosopher, put a new complexion on the political situation in New York city. He and his friends had decided to make an independent fight for the office, with the indorsements of many associations and societies pledged to his cause. Many of the fusionists favored his re-election. Like all strong men, Mayor Gaynor had friends and foes in great number. The former called him the best mayor New York ever had; the latter made fun of his whiskers, his letter writing, his philosophizing and his quoting of Epictetus and other ancients who never dreamed of New York. They said his administration, especially in regard to the police, had been a woeful failure and supported their contention by evidence of demoralization in the peace protecting body. However that may be, Mayor Gaynor had friends as well as foes among Democrats, Republicans, Progressives and fusionists, and he was an independent candidate for re-election.

Mitchel Very Young For the Job.

The principal fusion opponent of Tammany Hall, John Purroy Mitchel, is only about half as old as was the late mayor. He was born thirty-four years ago and won local fame in the offices of commissioner of accounts of New York and president of the board of aldermen and achieved national note as collector of the port of New York. Mr. Mitchel is one of the youngest men ever named for the office of mayor of a big American city. The indorsements of his candidacy by the Republicans and Progressives of the city gave his boom a great boost.

Edward Everett McCall, Democratic candidate for mayor of New York, is a lawyer of distinction, fifty years old, and was elected justice of the supreme court in 1902. He is a brother of the late John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance company, and has been counsel for that company. Justice McCall liked his work on the bench and left it with reluctance in February of this year to take up the duties of chairman of the public service commission in the first district, which comprises New York city. The commission has supervision of the construction of the farreaching new subway system.

The Socialist candidate for mayor is Charles Edward Russell, the well known writer, who ran for governor of New York state last year.

An important factor in the situation is William R. Hearst, who wields much influence through his morning and evening newspapers.

Whitman For Prosecutor Again.

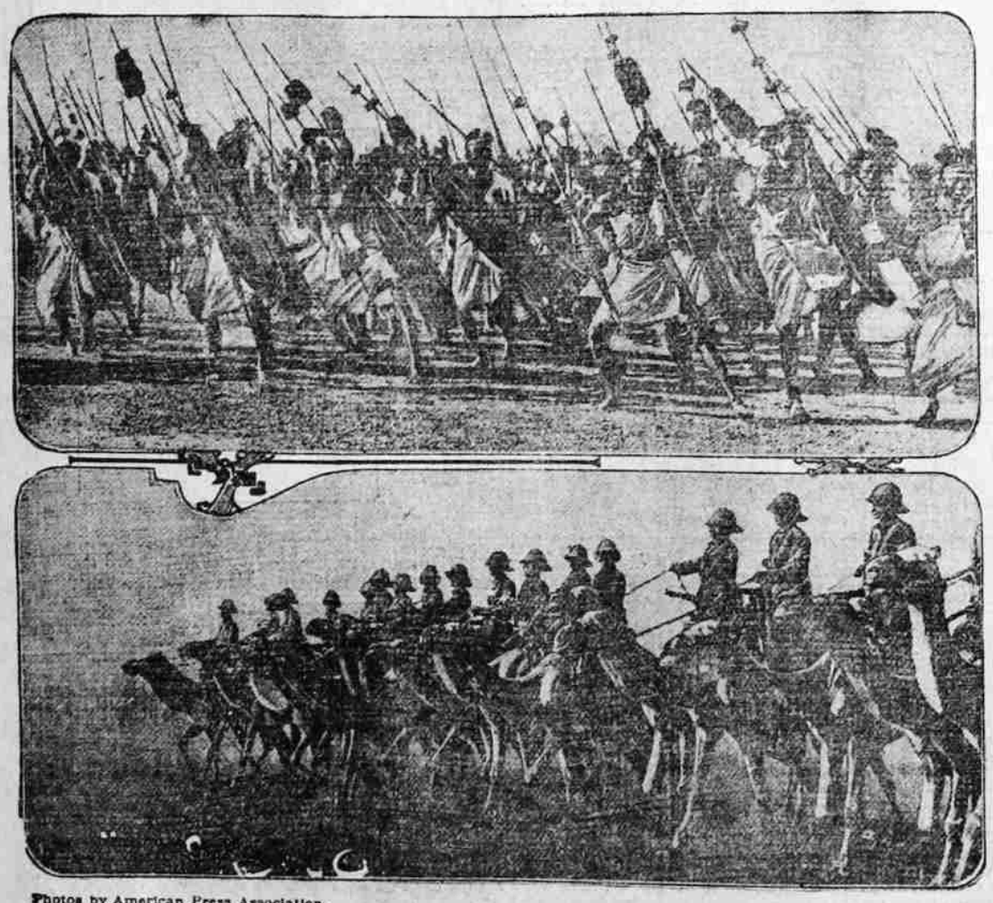
Next in importance to the mayoralty, or possibly transcending it, is the district attorneyship of New York county. That office, with its wide and deep possibilities in the way of prosecution of the transgressor, is now held by Charles S. Whitman, who will also be his own successor unless all signs fail. He has received the nomination of the fusionists and the indorsement of the Democrats and others, although he is a Republican in politics.

Mr. Whitman's probings into the dark places of the police department, his successful prosecutions of Lieutenant Charles Becker and the gun men who planned and executed the death of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, and his other works of public utility have placed him on a pedestal in New York wherefrom it will be very hard to displace him.

Of the lesser places on the municipal ticket two are of high importance. They are the presidency of the board of aldermen and the comptrollership. The incumbents of these offices have votes in the board of estimate and apportionment, which controls the financial policies of the big city. For head of the aldermen the fusionists and Independence Leaguers named George McAneny, now president of the borough of Manhattan and an independent Democrat in politics. Mr. McAneny was a candidate for the nomination for mayor. He is known chiefly as a reformer and advocate of civil service appointments. He is also interested actively in educational movements. His Democratic opponent is Joseph A. Goulden, former congressman.

The office of comptroller, chief financial officer of the city, with its enormous expenditures for schools, police, fire protection and prevention, streets, etc., is the focus of much interest. The fusion nominee is William A. Prendergast, who seeks another election to the office. He was formerly a Republican, but last year joined the Progressive movement. Opposing him is Herman A. Metz, Democrat, who held the office in the administration of Mayor McClellan. Mr. Metz is engaged in the chemical trade and is a member of congress.

Dead In One of England's "Little Wars"



Photos by American Press Association.

Upper—Fighting warriors of Somaliland. Lower—Members of the British camel corps.

EVERY day in the year the red of the British flag is dyed anew in the blood of some of its soldiers. That is part of the price the British pay for the far flung empire which stretches around the globe. In the strange, out of way corners of the earth men sink and die on desert sand or on mountain top that the cross of St. George may continue waving there.

It was in one of the queer, half explored lands of the earth British soldiers laid down their lives the other day, dying before the attacks of fierce, religion crazed warriors. The fight took place in Somaliland, the great triangle of territory at the northeastern corner of Africa, which pushes its nose toward India.

The men whose blood watered the desert were members of Great Britain's famous camel corps, men mounted for fighting on high dromedaries. The native warriors who killed them were followers of the mad mullah, the fighting Mohammedan priest whose activities have brought so much disquiet to the hearts of the statesman at the head of Britain's foreign office.

Somaliland is one of the few remaining portions of the earth that are comparatively unexplored. It lies contiguous to Abyssinia, the land of the negus, which remains independent despite European efforts to conquer it, and to Eritrea, which gave the Italians their fill of fighting. A leading British authority says of it, significantly, "only the coastal regions are at present under direct administrative control"—and this not of all Somaliland, but only of a portion of it known as British Somaliland, lying on the easily accessible coast and declared under British protectorate as far back as 1884. Twenty-nine years ago the British asserted their sovereignty, and now their camel corps of 150 men, venturing only thirty miles from one of the biggest towns of the protectorate, is cut up.

The chief thorn in the British side in Somaliland is the Mullah Mohammed, known as the mad mullah. The dictionary calls mullah a title of respect given by the Turks to a religious or learned man, but this mullah seems to be less of a learned or religious individual than a first class fighter. The arrangements made recently for organizing the tribes in the British protectorate of Somaliland and providing them with arms for defense against the mad mullah have not been successful and have resulted only in intertribal fighting and anarchy. Of course in time the British government will send enough white soldiers to fight the climate and the mad mullah at the same time, and he will go the way of his predecessor in the Sudan who yielded to Lord Kitchener's machine guns. But in the meantime the British are relying partly on such reports as that which said last October that the mad mullah was suffering from an incurable disease.

The mad mullah is said to have at his call more than 70,000 men, fatalists and fanatics like himself, and all good fighting men. There are about 10,000 horsemen, good riders.

ARTHUR J. BRINTON.

Fine Shooting, Straight Up, by Big Mortars

INTENDED for fighting against foreign warships are the new mortars of the coast defenses of the United States—not against aeroplanes, as might be thought from their ability to send their shots almost straight up in the air. Besides, who would think of hurling thousand pound projectiles against the frail airships of wood and oiled silk? The monster shots which speed high from the big mouths of the mortars are designed to smash their way through armored decks and sink to the vitals of ships beneath.

Especially if the firing of the mortars is done so well as in the recent tests at Fort Totten, New York, will their usefulness in time of war be demonstrated. Boom goes a monster mortar and a fifty foot column of flame ascends from its mouth. Up, up, a thousand feet high goes the shell, until it reaches the zenith of its flight. Then it descends, and if the aim has been true—goodby, ship! Nothing afloat could stand the impact.

Like its cousins, the great rapid fire disappearing guns, which fire straight ahead, the mortars of the United States and the men who handle them are highly regarded by ordnance authorities. One of them wrote recently:

"In the coast defense system of the United States, now taken as a model, the training of the personnel has reached such a state that under normal conditions the accuracy of the armament alone limits the result. Under present conditions mortar fire can be opened at 15,000 yards (more than eight and one-half miles). The new mortar, such as will be used in the Panama defenses, will give a range of 20,000 yards."

"The mortar does not shoot low and straight at its target. It sends its shell high into the sky, where it follows a sweeping curve and turns earthward again to plunge upon the comparatively unguarded decks of the modern battle line," says another recent writer on military subjects. "These coast defense mortars are fired in groups, and they are trained heavenward without their gunners ever seeing the objective. The field of fire of the mortar is divided into zones or rings a thousand yards wide and a different impulse charge of powder is used in each case."

Fort Totten is one of the principal places of defense of New York city from a sea attack. It guards the eastern entrance to the city, by way of Long Island sound and the East river, and is placed to command a narrow passage between Long Island and the mainland. The mortars at Fort Totten are tested once a year, in an hour's firing.

The spectacle as the mortars were fired was a thrilling one. As each gun was discharged a column of flame and smoke shot fifty feet or more into the air. The eyes of the artillerymen could follow the giant projectile as it flew skyward on its journey. Then it was lost to view, but the music of its flight could be heard plainly. It was a buzzing sound that seemed ever to be on the point of altering into the snort of a steamship siren sounded in a fog.

As the shot was fired the glasses of the observers were trained on a spot in the water which had been picked out as the resting place of the imaginary target. Thirty seconds passed and the sound of the projectile, becoming fainter and fainter, could still be heard. Then right in the middle of the area illuminated by the searchlights the great mass of steel plunged into the water, throwing aloft a high column of water.

The first shot was recorded as a hit, and so were all of the nineteen subsequent discharges of the mortars. Colonel Cronkhite and his subordinates declared the night's work one of the finest mortar performances in the history of the American coast defenses.

WALTON WILLIAMS.

Photo copyright, 1913, by American Press Association.

Firing One of the Big Coast Defense Mortars.